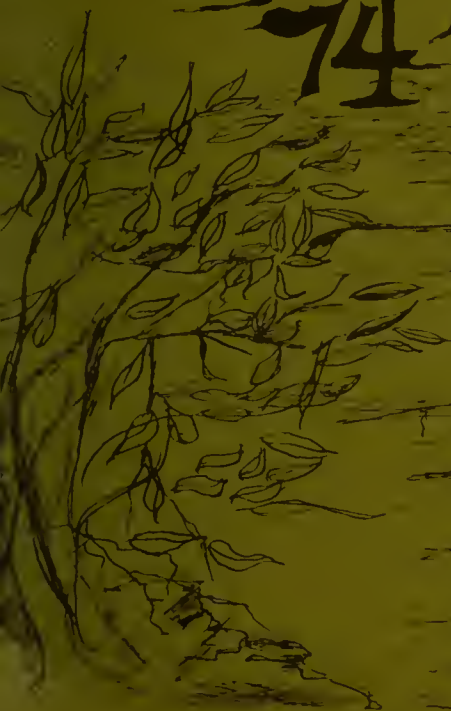


My Leaves

74



My Leaves



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Introduction

Ivy Leaves, 1974, consists of poems, stories, drawings, and photographs. But there is more within the pages of this magazine than merely meets the eye. These works represent those who have expressed their innermost feelings.

We gratefully dedicate this publication to Mr. Charles A. Wooten, whose life has been an inspiration to all of us.



Joy Song

i am going to sing
a joy song
for the earth
for the sun
for the universe
for myself

i am going to sing
a joy song

for the land that produces
and the seas that carry

for the sun that warms
and the stars that guide

for the eagle that soars
and the worm that glides

for the bread that nourishes
and the water that cools

for all men
and all women

for you and me
unique

this is a joy song

for my mind
as it grows and learns
to think for its living

for my eyes
that light up my soul
and mirror creation

for my mouth
that tells to others
the glad song it sings

for my ears
that catch the still music
in the silence of prayer

for my nose
that gives me direction
to scent out the seasons

this is a joy song

for my lungs
that harbour each breath

for my heart
that is a sign of love

for my hands
that offer a blessing

for my feet
that carry me down the long road

this is a joy song

for what i have had

for what i am now

for what i will be

this is a joy song
this is a love song

for the days to come

for the days passed by

for the being who made me

for my waking and sleeping

for my place on this earth

for my one life on this planet

and for me, especially.

William Lee Poe, III

If you like to
 be lazy,
 run your mouth,
 goof-off,
 play "footsie,"
 flirt,
 do nothing,
 spin records,
 do head stands,
 complain,
 stay up all night,
 cut classes,
 make excuses,
 sleep,
 gripe,
 practice karate,
 drive around,
 ride a motorcycle,
 eat,
 drink coffee, .
 be B.M.O.C.,
 engage in water battles,
 sit in the swings,
 kill time,
 stump for changes,
 smuggle in beer,
 take part in pranks,
 buck the establishment,
 contemplate,
 meditate,
 girl-watch,
 relax,
 don't fail
 at Anderson College
 doing it.
 Hugh Welborn



A Place To Go

There is an alcove in my room
 A place I like to be.
 A couch, a blanket and a book—
 They spell security.

There is a section long with glass
 Of clear and glistening pane
 From there I view the elements—
 The sun, the wind, the rain.

I watch the trees sway back and forth;
 The leaves change in their season
 The squirrels that try to reach the sky
 On paths no map can reason.

When joys abound, or cares prevail
 This nook I occupy
 To revel in, or ponder o'er
 Questions that seek reply.

I surely hope that everyone
 Has a place where he can go
 Where warmth of sun and sound of wind
 Provide an inner glow.

Elsie Holcombe

Divineness

Another day has risen for my future
 Another past memory of my forgotten past.
 Today is another day.
 To meet my decision on a straight plane.
 Then casting all evils,
 To fall in love.

Then to reach out for the heavens.
 In praise that the wonderful event has happened.
 To open my eyes of my past,
 And to visualize my future with you.

Randal S. Mills

The Alley

Stench, filth, gloom, and dampness. The atmosphere weighed down on Cory's sensitive soul and drove her out of the shadowy tenement house to seek sunshine. Out the door she ran, but still the buildings blocked out the sun. Down the crooked, narrow streets she fled, trying to shake off the darkness, until, finally, she broke into her own private alley. Blind windowless walls stared down from all three sides, and there was only one narrow passage out. But the space was wider and more open here than on the streets, allowing the sun to spread its warm comfort all around. Here, at last, the burdens of her drunken mother snoring, stretched across the couch day by day left her. Here the horrors of her step father's too-friendly good night kiss would dissipate in the warmth. Here, loneliness was non-existent, for here Cory had an imaginary menagerie of friends to keep her company. Here she could lift herself above the sordid real life that she knew. Cory just sat there and dreamed letting the drudgery of her existence slide off her like gray suet slides off a pure waxy white flower leaving it as fresh as it was before it was soiled.

The next day the sun seemed to be stricken by the clouds of smog that rolled in from over the bay. This depressed Cory, but she hoped that the alley would still offer her solace. This day she walked slowly with her head down, weaving in and out of the small, dark backstreets. At last she came to the narrow deserted passageway that lead to her alley. She sighed and shuffled in a few steps, but then horrible sounds rasped in her ears. Unearthly screams of pain echoed back and forth between the high brick walls. Wild howls of pleasure drifted like ghostly spectres across the air. At first, Cory was hypnotized by the macabre song being produced in her alley, but finally she shook away the paralysis and turned to run. BUT the other end of the passage now held equal terror. There stood, crouched a little in order to look her in the eye, a man! That Man. That man whose skin, white as a ghost, had seen as little sun as the backside of the moon. That man whose skin was the sickly whitish green of a fish's belly. That man whose eyes were the transparent amber of a dead man's eyes. His image had long haunted her dreams. The words of her mother were suddenly resurrected from the grave of her memories from the time when her mother was still occasionally sober. Those words spun around in her mind like a midnight mist and finally formed into sounds she could understand. "Stay away from him. He'll, he'll . . . Just stay away!" These words were digested into Cory's reeling mind, and she whirled to run the other way. But those screeches that had been forgotten were still there. Looking the other way, she saw that man motioning her closer with a bony white finger. The other way, those deathly sounds. Back and forth Cory jerked her dizzy head. Back and forth. She was growing as addled as a terrified child on the fastest ride at a fair. That man stepped toward her; and finally Cory decided which way to run—back to her alley, her alley, her friend who had never let her down. As she ran into her alley, several dirty mongrels dropped their half-dead prey and slunk along the walls of the alley where they could safely make their get away through the narrow passage out. Their thin hungry faces looked guilty and apologetic like the face of a child who has been caught finger painting on the wall. Probably, they were all family pets as gentle, most of the time, as a mother with her first-born child. Probably they just got carried away in their sport; but still, no matter what their backgrounds and motives, their prey, a striped

gray cat, lay mangled on the ground. Cory's sensitive heart cried out against such a price for sport. She threw rocks angrily after the curs as they left the scene of their crime. Her indignation toward the dogs and overwhelming sympathy toward the broken cat took over all her attention, and even thoughts of the horrible old man faded away into nothingness. With compassion almost bursting her tender heart, she gathered up the dying, bloody mess of fur into her arms. Crooning to the poor cat, she carried it out of the alley and didn't even notice that the grotesque old man had abandoned his vigil of watching her. Swiftly, but smoothly so as not to disturb her wounded cargo, Cory padded through the dark labyrinth of streets and back to the apartment where she lived. Quietly, she tipped up the back wooden stairs stepping carefully on just the places that she knew wouldn't cry out a warning. She slipped into the kitchen and was relieved to hear her mother's familiar snore telling her that she didn't have to worry about the woman's reaction to Cory's new pet. Without a bit of medical knowledge, Cory let her small shaking hands be guided only by love as she bathed and bandaged the pathetic cat. Then Cory forced a little warm milk down its throat and left it to sleep away its anguish.

As time went on, the cat, given large doses of affection and unending devotion by Cory, mended quickly and soon could be seen limping after her wherever she went. With the only eye the cat had left, it would gaze adoringly after its mistress, just as Cory often gazed happily on her new-found animal friend. With the cat, Cory had a bit of reality. No more did she have to rely on phantasmal friends and dream experiences. No more was the alley a thing of necessity. She was free at last of her make-believe world.

Cory's mother, however, viewed this episode with bloodshot eyes narrowed by jealousy into distorted slits. It infuriated her that Cory had such happiness; but even more, she was hurt because Cory had found in a mere, lame cat the companionship that Cory hadn't been able to find in her own mother. Jaundice poisoned her mind and Cory knew it. Cory kept a close watch over the cat—and her mother. But when school started, Cory had to leave for hours every day, and the cat had to stay home.

One afternoon, excited now with life, she rushed home after school to share a new revelation with the cat. Quivering within herself, she jumped off the bus and ran the last few blocks to the rickety old apartment house. She could hardly wait to tell this new thought to the cat, but at the bottom of the steps, she heard a sound which turned her blood into ice in her veins. With terror making her heart beat as madly as the cannibals' wild drum tattoo just before their slaughter, she rushed up the stairs and into the gloom of the kitchen. There she found her mother, on her knees and laughing hysterically over the now still body of the cat. Again and again her mother plunged a bloody kitchen knife into the cold little body of Cory's only friend. Drunkenly, her mother just laughed. In tears, in horror, in desperation, Cory turned and pounded her way back down the stairs and started running, running, running back to her alley. She knew she had to get back to her reverie. Her alley. But this time, she knew she would never choose reality again. She went back to her dreamworld, locked herself in, and threw away the key.

—Patricia Phillips

Manifestation . . addax . . . Interlocution

Why do I write?
Flows through my mind.
Wondering infinitely,
Questions I find.

Is it life
Or just to pass time.
I always like playing,
And making words rhyme.
 Sitting under a tree.
 I look at the sky
 Watching few birds,
 And still grasping why.
I look around me.
Watching nature closing in
My mind probing deeper.
And suddenly realizing the sin.
 This mirage of life.
 That man blindly made.
 Is beautiful life,
 Where animals fade?

The Addax could live.
Like the human race.
Fearing man-existence,
Only living for pace.
Here we stand.
This material world.
Forgetting the poor,
Killing the squirrel,
 Little we know.
 How wrong we can be.
 Like mocking Karl,
 Living democracy.
Life as we know it.
Will perish for all.
Flying from coldness,
The bald eagle will fall.
 There is a solution,
 If only we hear.
 Then casting all evils.
 We forget our fear.

My questions are answered.
 wonder why
Someday find a tree,
And probe the sky.
 I sat for some time,
 Under that tree.

Wondering if my life,
Could ever be.

Addax — An animal in the Western Sahara facing extinction
Randal S. Mills

I Love . . .

I love the way your eyes search mine and slowly gaze over
every inch of my face.
I love the way your voice caresses me as you talk and warms
me as you sing.
I love the way your humor makes me laugh when I'm
unhappy.
I love the way your kisses ask me a question and answer mine
at the same time.
I love the way your good looks make me proud to have you
with me.
I love the way you love me.

Chris Smith

Every night I lie quietly in my bed and think about you.
I count the times I saw you and go over the words you spoke
to me.

Chris Smith

You

Without you, even the cedar, tall and bold,
Would lose its wint'ry perfume.

Without you, love, even the snowflake, white
And cold, would fall like the dark at Noon.

Without you, flame red sunsets would not
Interest me.

Without you, ribbons, nets, and gowns would
Seem silly frivolity.

Without you, life would be a shattered
Childhood dream.

Don't let me wake up
 sighing,
 crying,
 dying.

Patricia Phillips

A Day in the Life

The world is a timepiece ticking away,
Waking to the sun, starting another day.
As the street lights blend to rising light,
The people and their mechanisms wake from the night.

The day grows brighter and more awake,
As the humans seek virtues of which they partake.
Cars pop from nowhere and crowd the roads,
As trucks battle on from the night with their heavy loads.

As the day breaks, the humans descend,
To play and work in social life, they attend.
For there are those who move busily in private domains,
There is a youth of careless life in the remains.

To see the noon come there are hungry lions,
Who indulge in their habit like animal pious.
After tasteful morsels they return to their grinds,
And pour out their knowledge crammed in their minds.

The routine pushes on till shadows are seen
But for some the finish hasn't yet been.
For some must study on into near dusk
And for some still then is begun only a crust.

On setting sun brings relaxation and wonderings
And for still others comes different other things.
Now again exhaust crowds the streets but not in vain
Retrace the path of the morning once again.

When the sun whispers calmness of broken day from above
There begins a hum spoke of tranquilities and love.
A simple old tree and a touch of two hands,
A breeze flowing softly through almost all lands.

As soft as cotton comes the darkness
And of humans and motors are seen less.
Now settled back, the shine of the bright,
There is a resting interval before the new light.

Pat Raper

Ocean of Time

A name was written in the sand;
It faded from the foam.
The ocean swirled below my feet
And then the name was gone.

The beach was soft and sandy,
Scattered with embedded shells.
Otherwise I felt alone;
The love we knew had failed.

I sought this beach to gather my thoughts
Alone with only me.
I sat down in the sand in awe;
Why did he want to leave?

The rumble of the waves, I heard,
The cry of a lonesome gull.
I thought of how I still love him,
With tears-my eyes grew full.

A sudden awareness came over me;
I turned around to see.
There he stood so calm and still;
Then he walked up to me.

He smiled and said "I need you".
"The time has been too long."
"I only hope you still love me,"
"For I know that we belong."

The tears still came, but not for grief.
He understood my smile.
He placed his hand in my hand,
And was silent for awhile.

Two names were written in the sand;
They faded from the foam.
The ocean swirled below our feet
And then the names were gone ...
but not the love.

Ruby Mize

Wheel of the Mind

Turn, turn, turn, o vile wheel of thought.
Reap the mind of fruitful harvest.
Crush the sane seeds of love and prosperity.
Compassion echoes the bearer of this venomous cycle,
That erases the love and bores the unwielding battle.

Turn, turn, turn, o senseless cycle of vengeance.
Cast out good with evil,
And when the body succumbs to your regnant siege,
Carry out your heartless plan.

But, remember, o wheel of hatred,
THE seed of love never dies.

The seed of love blooms not in the Path of hatred,
But in soil nurtured by faith.
Faith erupts the seed of love into an array of vigorous hope,
Hope of the future to cast out the wicked wheel of the mind.

Stop, stop, stop, o vile wheel of thought,
Never more turn.
Love conquers the vilest thoughts,
And hope with faith sustains all who love.

William J. McBride



I decide now is the time, and approach her gently but positively.
There is no response.
Thinking she just needs coaxing, I apply a little pressure, and plead for an affirmative response.
She is very stubborn, and doesn't reward me with even a glimmer of hope.
Now I plead with her. "Ah, come on, baby, just for me."
She is very cold.
I affectionately caress and pat, thinking surely she will now.
She sits adamantly.
Now I'm getting irritated. Using both hands and feet, I am almost violent.
Then she responded with a burst of enthusiasm.
And that's how I get my car started on a frosty winter morning.

Hugh Welborn

The Old House

Your heart reminds me of an old house I saw once
When I was a little girl.
It was boarded up and deserted like so many of those
Grand old homes that are now too expensive to keep up.
I knew it had experienced bright parties, lilting
Waltzes, prancing horses drawing shiny carriages,
And young daughters waiting breathlessly for their beaux.
I could tell by the grownup garden that the place
Had once known love and had been happy.
But now the paint was peeling and a few windows
Were broken where the shutters had fallen off.
The black depths of the house cried to be explored,
But none of us children were brave enough.

I, however, mourned for the place and it hurt my
heart to see it alone.
I went home that afternoon and cried into my
Mother's apron.
I confided in her and whispered into her understanding
Ear that when I was grown up and rich, I would
Buy the old house and restore its happiness.
Mama said, "Of course you will," so I smiled went
To play marbles and forgot.

Now, looking back with tears in my eyes, I can
See that I also forgot to restore your heart.

Forgive me.

Patricia Phillips

Druid Urge

The mistletoe was clustered darkly green
On the high limbs of the gnarled old oak.
And he, gnarled too, and past his middle years
Was inwardly compelled to reach, to touch, to hold
Those high mysterious bundles silhouetted against
the winter day.

The limbs would not support his weight, the height
his age.
So stolidly he trudged the path to the barn nearby, ,
Where he had stored in earlier years
Some limber lengths of bamboo canes —
Fishing poles for a summer yet to come.

Pleased at his remembering and pleased at the length
and straightness of his tool
He took his stance and jousting with the high hung
treasures
Until they toppled lazily through the evening air,
And limbs and leaves and glistening berries
Lay in disarrayed profusion at his feet.

The cane was placed again within its secret niche;
Fleeting he wondered what the passersby and neighbors
thought—

Old fool like him flailing about on a winter day in the
top of a gaunt old oak,
But strange contentment warmed him inwardly
As through the deepening cold he made his way toward
home.
What strain of Anglo-Saxon blood still coursing through
his thin old veins
What Druid urge, half-buried in a far dim past,
Had prompted this day's deed he did not know.

Dawn

The golden gleam of breaking day
Streaming o'er the distant plains
Struggling with the deep, dark shadows
Frightening night into retreat

Like a soldier into battle
Always forward: no retreat
Shining on and on forever
Blazing glory on marching feet

Janet McGill

But later, seated at the kitchen table, papers spread
to save the cloth,
He pondered over the meaning as he slowly worked,
Gathering into bundles the fragile twigs
Then wrapping each with scarlet ribbon
Scrounged from his old catch-all cupboard.

Taunts and jeers buzzed round his head like summer
gnats.
It made no sense to her.
The clattering pots and pans betrayed her mood.
But something stirring deep within still prompted him.
Was it some childhood memory dimly sensed—
A joyful party of some Christmas long ago?
Or hope of grasping still some yet-elusive pleasure of
his youth?

White waxy berries clustered thickly along the limbs
Appeared a rosary of prayers and dreams unsaid
As he with slow and almost reverent touch
Began to gather up the finished tokens of his art.
Then, doggedly, he found his hammer and some tiny nails.
And fastened over each door his sprigs of green.
The twinges in his back and legs
Spoke chidingly to say his youth was past
The inner bubbling spirit caroling "not so!"

Then stepping back to see if he had got it straight
He found the festive green was pleasing to his sight.
Of course no lovely girl would come to stand beneath
the arch
To claim the prize of gallant kiss in Yuletide merriment.
And wife declared such things were foolishness.
No magic twigs could bring youth back again.
But he went shuffling off to bed—not sure that she
was right
A joyous glow suffused his inmost soul
That only one can know who's hung his Christmas
Mistletoe.

W. F. West



How Could the World Have Survived?

How could the world have survived
If there never had been any children —
Their laughter, their dreams and a smiling face,
The swings in the play ground their favorite place,
How could the world have survived?

How could the world have survived
If there never had been any birds —
Their colors, their songs with a cheerful word,
The beautiful wings of a lovely bird,
How could the world have survived?

How could the world have survived
If there never had been any trees —
Their branches so high with a shade to all,
A boy's hiding place when his mother calls,
How could the world have survived?

How could the world have survived
If there never had been any mountains —
The glorious creation of God's own hand
Standing high in beauty throughout the land,
How could the world have survived?

How could the world have survived
If there never had been a true God —
Who showed merciful love through death on a cross.
If Christ had not died and paid the cost,
This world could have not survived.

Ruby Mize



A Misplaced Day

Where are all the birds
On this bright sunshiny day?
We sit openly learning new words
As the trees in the breeze sway.

Why was this day misplaced
Among a cold and biting season,
In the Bible an explanation is traced
That the world ends when you can't tell the season.

For one day we change
Our usual mode of living,
And trip across a grange
Soon after the holiday of giving.

For a while we can sit and dream,
We can smile and feel so warm,
But not yet can we wade the stream
Or see the honey bees swarm.

We can only taste the glow
Of a warm shining sun,
And tomorrow back we must go
To only reminisce yesterday's fun.

Pat Raper

What's in a Picture?

What's in a picture?
Memories, time
A little piece of yesterday
Fun, laughing
Remembering when you looked that way
Gladness, joy
Looking back on all those happy years
Grief, sorrow
Memories that we can't regain bring tears
So, what is in a picture?
A reminder of the past
The things we might have said or done
To make a friendship last
The things we have forgot to say
But now it is too late
We sit and look at photographs
And wonder why we wait.

Ruby Mize

Autumn Wind

I was sitting here thinking of yesterday
You were running in the fields of wheat as the autumn
wind blew.
And your long beautiful hair was caught by the breeze,
I heard the wonderful words "I Love You!"
But that was yesterday.

Today where did the fields of wheat and the autumn wind
disappear?
And you?
And most of all those wonderful words
"I Love You!"

As I sit here thinking, those words are getting further and
further
away as the autumn wind carries them.

Then they are gone, except the memory
of the words—"I Love You!"

David Ross

Beauty and Pain

Such beauty
And such anguished pain
Strike at the heart
Like some ancient, silent lyre
Plucked savagely again;
And the music echoes
Back and back and back once more—
Compassion, love, and sorrow
Resounding from an ancient
Half-forgotten score.

The throb is muffled now,
Safe behind a strongly bolted door
That yields not to the push
Of sudden chance or whim,
Guarded by a living presence;
We call Him
Christ, Comforter, Lord, Master,
One who lives forevermore.

The ache is there,
The danger gone;
The bittersweet of yesterday,
The promise of the dawn.

W. F. West



Past- (1954-1974)-Memoirs

To think on my past,
On this Quiet day.
Remembering my childhood,
In such a happy way.

So very young,
And immature in mind.
Living with only the present,
Leaving past and future to find.
Living life in a sandbox,
Making a castle with my land.
Remembering such innocence,
While grabbing the dirty sand.
All plants begin to grow,
Leaving their roots embedded in life.
Remembering Kennedy's assassination,
Questioning this human strife.
Nearing the end of that decade,
Beginning to question man,
Remembering the riot in school,
Where blood was shed on this land.
Confused and still unsure,
And the future closing in.
Remembering graduation,
The education to witness sin.

I'm now a growing man,
Loving to think on my past.
Maybe my children someday
Will witness love for conquering the task.

Randal S. Mills

Little Boys

Dirty shirt
and baseball bat
Please, son, don't hurt the cat!
Little boys

Windblown hair
and dirty face
when he "slid in second base"
Little boys

Monkey bars
and climbing trees
slingshots and skinned-up knees
Little boys

Take a bath
and go to bed
he didn't hear a word you said
Little boys

and tomorrow . . .

Dirty shirt
and baseball bat
Please, son, don't hurt the cat!
Little boys



Is Love Forever?

You can tell a person
you care for him,
you enjoy him,
you think a lot of him,
you think he's hip
But when you tell him
you love him
Is love forever?

You can say "I Love you" to him
In your smile
In your ways
In the twinkle in your eyes,
with your touch;
But when you tell him
you love him
Is Love forever?

When I first met you,
I didn't think so;
But now I'm beginning to know
Your Love Is Forever!

Marie Sullivan

Sometimes I Wonder

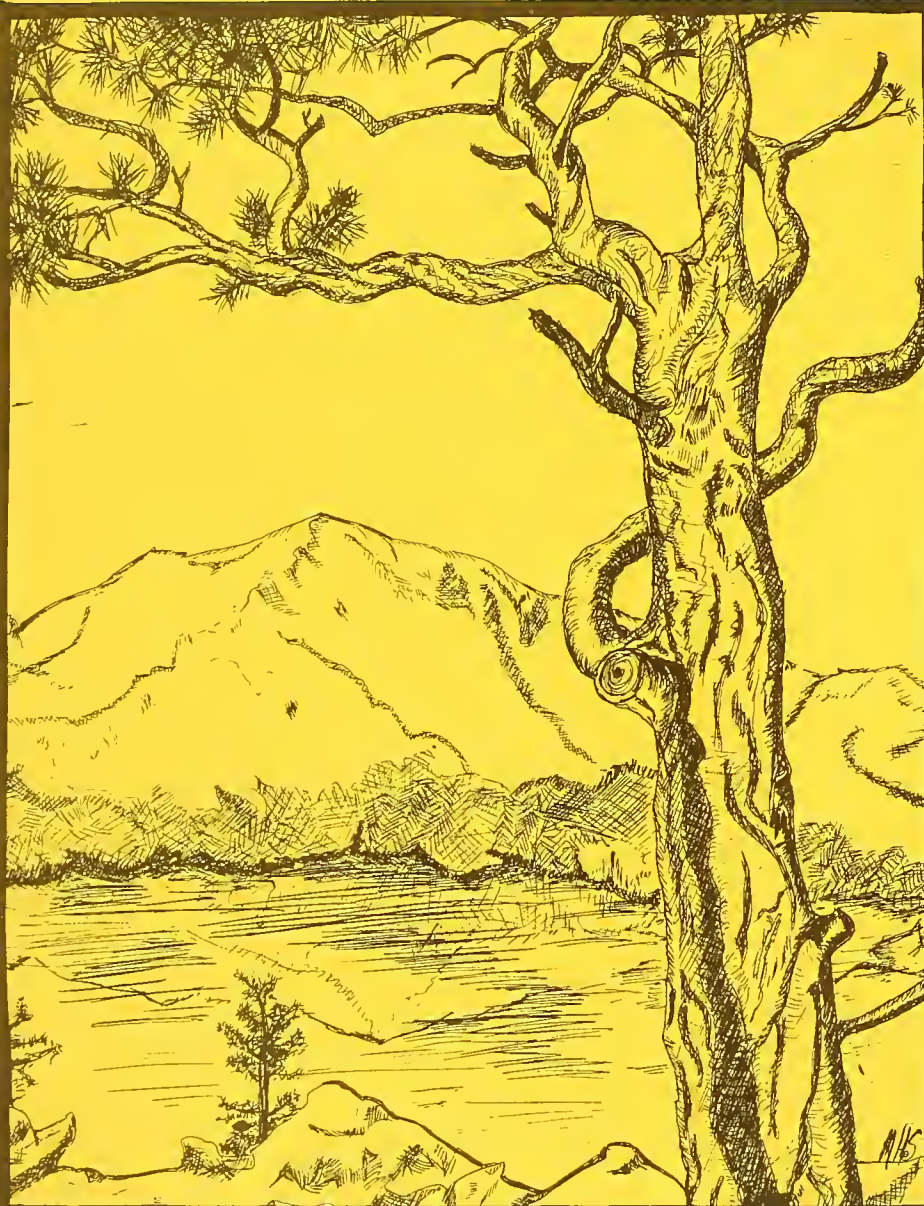
Sometimes I wonder why time won't stand still,
To give us more time we often times kill;
But then we'd be bored and sit and complain
'Til we'd driven ourselves completely insane.

Sometimes I wonder why there must be war,
Why peace can't remain here forever more;
But then population would multiply quickly;
All living things would become very sickly.

Sometimes I wonder why there must be fear
of dying, of trusting, of shedding a tear;
But then faith would crumble 'til nothing remained;
Relationships soon would become deeply stained.

If time would stand still, with no fear or war
Sounds of silence would echo and roar
With loud discord of shocking tones—
'Til in the distance, apathy drones.

Beth Ann Traber



Winter

Trees reach toward heaven,
My mind in poetic solitude,
The winter wind blowing,
Raking the leaves for my mood.

I love the winter months
Exuberating warmth and care.
Hearts bundled up with love.
Surrounded by the cold air

Children playing in the snow,
And their noses turning cold.
Chimney's lifting the smoke,
And a many a log sold.

The bird is migrating afar,
The bear is sleeping warm
The fox is hunting for food,
While the deer is fearing harm.

Old men reminisce their past,
Once all young in mind!
But as the snow begins to fall,
The future is their life to find.

A season of the year,
When love grabs hold.
Snow covers the living,
With a blanket of cold.

Randal S. Mills

My Teacher

Placing my passions under the influence of spoken words
Rival with myself delivering distress
Evil misrepresented in inconsistent sentiments
Who harasses my obligations is for me to guess

Produce ideas of a common conversation
Flavor accidents with outrageous speeches
Universal quotations placing love on a supply
Unconcerned with what he teaches

Robert Hollis



Flowers

I see a field of flowers—
 flower nodding cordially to flower,
 with no deformity among the throng—
 (but were there, I could say
 “Master who did the wrong
 which caused this abnormality?”)
 But there among the ranks and regimen
 abode nothing uncomely, barren, or forlorn,
 or insubornate,
 or lacking friend
 or mate,
 or wishing never to be born.
 But then, at end of day, the prayer I make —
 “Master, I fear thou madest one mistake.”

Dave Horner

Companionship

When men are as wax paper,
 Kindled by and spark,

When only children have peace in their world of
 Crumbling fantasy,

When everyone hates his brother and uses his sister,

When death stalks through every hall, and lurks in
 Every shadow,

When even sacred love is tainted by the ugliness of hell,

Maybe then I will want to be alone.

No.
 No one ever welcomes loneliness,
 Even a soaring bird or a distant figure silhouetted
 Against a cloudy sky comforts me and breaks
 Down the tinfoil walls of my soul.

Patricia Phillips

Blind Walk

in a blind walk
 without talk
 we take turns
 being sensitive
 to nature
 and trusting
 one another
 we are experience
 being together

William Lee Poe, III

Lines Questioning Love

Ah, my love how sweet and pure and gentle you are.
 How noble and unselfish you seem to be to others.
 But others, ah others; should I not be in your realm of gifts?
 Should I not be the one who should share a rose, or a longing
 glance?
 Can you not see the longing in my heart for us to share
 The trickling gurgles of a stream as it chants my troubles?
 We do not feel alike; we do not share the same scenes in God's
 handiwork.

How much is lost in this love? Is it worth it; not to have this
 sixth sence?
 Dear God let me know; Let me see the answer you have for me
 in your fate.
 Whether I should love through life lacking this unexplainable
 closeness.

Ah dear friend, take heed to love.
 Let it not be a common word.
 Let it be guarded, protected, and never forgotten.
 Carry this majestic word with you always.
 But let there be a closeness within your heart.
 Your person, the touch of your fingertips, and
 In all the breath of your being.

Janice Woodson

Illusions and Masks

Yesterday I saw a boy with only a hook for his hand.
he talked and smiled and went on living just as if
he weren't aware of his obvious difference from me.
But I'm sure he was.

Today I received a letter from my mother, and out of
the envelope fell a newspaper clipping, an obituary.
Someone I'd known, admired, and copied as a child had died.
In my mind I could picture his wife. I could see her
playing the part of the perfect mourner. She would be
very quiet, demure, and maybe even let a silver tear or
two slide down her smile-wrinkled face.
She would act as if life could go on without her man,
But I'm certain it couldn't really.

This afternoon I stepped out in the sunshine, watched little
fluffy white clouds skuttle across a blue, blue sky.
I felt as if I could lift my arms and skip across the
heavens with those clouds. We could play chase
and dodge and leap frog all day and still not be
tired when the sun went down.
The invisible yellow happiness of the light made me
feel strong and self-sufficient.
But I know that really I'm not.

Patricia Phillips

A Straight Friend

I've talked to the wall
with no response,
Never, never, not even once,
Through the darkness of night,
Through the light of day,
Not a single word,
Not even hey,
I've told him my problems,
To him I've cried,
With dreams in my head,
To Mr. Wall, I've lied,
Though mighty quiet,
He stands tall,
Without him to talk to,
I'd have no one at all.

Harry Busbee



A Rose By Any Other Name Is - Anja

Many years ago a small seed
was planted in my mother's body.
That tiny seed was shielded and
nourished until it was expelled from
her body.

When released, the seed was
fed, treated, and weeded.

Eventually it grew to a delicate
flower, waiting to be picked.

Then, you came along and pulled
me from the warm soil of my
mother's heart, and put
me in your vase.

Where I am now tended by Thee,
The Gardener of
my life.

C. A. Battice



Friends are a part of time—
Waiting like an autumn leaf
to fall and decay,
Wishing like a crippled child
to run and play,
Wanting like a hungry beast
to be fed,
Weeping like a small babe
to be held,
Hoping one day
to find peace.

Susan Gray

Inside ourselves we are but islands—
Islands in the wind
We see, we do, and we respond
and yet we stand alone.

ALONE

But God is there.

Brenda DuBose

The sky darkened; the breeze turned into a strong wind; the mist turned into a downpour. Two people walked along slowly at first, now quickly in an effort to avoid the discomfort of the cold rain. The north sky from time to time was illuminated by fluorescent streaks of lightning. The two hurried along, the storm came closer, and the noise of the thunder became more intense as I watched from my obscured observatory. The lightning struck close, the road was lit brightly, and then darkness.

Now only the storm remained, and from my silent post I saw them no more.

A moment slipped by on my watch without my noticing it at all. The moment soon turned into a minute, and the minute into an hour. I lay waiting on nothing and thinking about nothing. A voice droned along somewhere in the distance and slowly I felt myself falling away from the light of the dimly illuminated room. How long had I been there? How long had what was there been there? Small noises disturbed my unconsciousness, making it almost impossible for my mind to stay concentrated on one particular thought. A board creaked and a gnat touched my face in search of something. My eyes opened slowly to see the faded walls in front of where I lay. My left arm pulled the life-sustaining tube from my right. Again I fall slowly away from the dim light of the faded room.

W. David McClellan



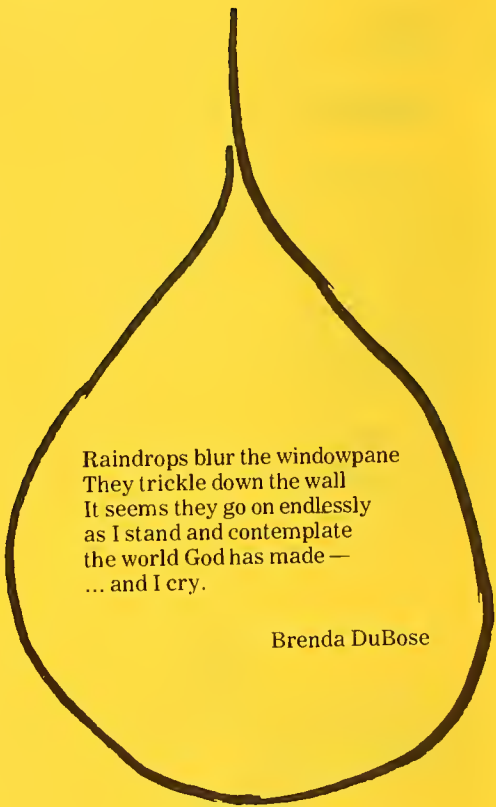
Tangled Webs

Lives, so entangled in these webs
that we have woven
They are like metal sometimes we
must force our ties to break
Still not always can we thrust
our strength so violently
That we are able to be freed and
unconscious of our problems.

We, who live our fullest lives,
are only coherent of ourselves
A body cannot be made to forget
but only to want and try
A mind can't be forced but by
only what is behind it.
Sometimes this pull isn't enough
to survive and live.

Conscious we are of our surroundings
and things that happen,
But no one takes great care
to make these things better
People only live out their
simple closed in lives
And stay entangled in their
web to which they are accustomed.

Pat Raper



Raindrops blur the windowpane
They trickle down the wall
It seems they go on endlessly
as I stand and contemplate
the world God has made —
... and I cry.

Brenda DuBose

Haiku

lost love is a stream
of thoughts and tears in the lone
cave of dreams and doubts.

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